

december 15th by aethelreds

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Summary:

33 years after the Snow Ball, Mike and Eleven look back. Very short fluff.

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Mike looks up as he hears the chords of an all-too-familiar song play. His wife—his wonderful, beautiful, perfect wife of 20 years—is smiling at him, swaying towards him. “Wanna dance?”

He takes her hand, getting up from his chair and leaving behind his work. He puts his hands on her waist as she drapes her arms over his shoulders.

Every breath you take

Every move you make

Every bond you break

Every step you take

I'll be watching you

“That’s today, you know.”

Mike looks up from where his head has been resting against hers. “What?”

“The Snow Ball,” she says, and her eyes seem just as wide now as they had been then. “December fifteenth, 1984.” She’s good with numbers, always has been, and that extends to dates. Of course she remembers.

Mike grins. “Shit, you’re right. That was...what, thirty-three years ago?”

“We were so small,” she says, and then laughs. “Well, you weren’t, but I was.”

“I was shorter,” he points out.

“Yeah, but you still towered over me.”

“True.” He kisses her temple. “You know, I think that’s when I first

realized I loved you.”

“Really?”

“Uh-huh.” He nods, his cheek brushing her curls. “I knew I cared about you and that I’d do anything to see you again, I just...I don’t know...it didn’t hit me until I saw you come in through those doors.”

She hums, moving just a little bit closer. “That was a good night,” she says softly.

“Yeah.”

Since you been gone I been lost without a trace

I dream at night I can only see your face

I look around but it’s you I can’t replace

I feel so cold and I long for your embrace

I keep crying baby, baby please

El tilts her head up to look at him and he doesn’t even think twice, just lowers his head to kiss her. And maybe it’s the song and the rush of nostalgia, but kissing his forty-six year old wife in the middle of their living room somehow feels just as special as kissing the girl of his thirteen-year-old dreams.